2.

A Witty Combat:

OR, THE FEMALE VICTOR.

A Trage-Comedy.

As it was *Acted* by Persons of Quality in *Whitson*-Week with great applause.

Written by T. P. Gent.

LONDON,

Printed for *Tho. Roberts*, and are to be sold at the *Royal-Exchange*, *Fleet-Street*, and *Westminster-Hall*, 1663.

Actors Names.

Old Mr. *Carleton.*
Mr. *G. Carleton* his Eldeſt Son.
Mr. *J. Carleton* his youngeſt Son in love with the *Germaine Princeſs.*
Mr. *King.* his Son in Law.
A Parſon.
Two or three *Gentlemen.*
Two or three *Young Clarkes.*
Two *Watermen.*
Drawers.
A Cellarman.
Fidlers.
Mrs. King.
Madam Moders.
Old Mrs. Carleton.
Cook Maid.
Conſtable, and Officers.

A WITTY COMBAT:
OR,
The Female Victor.

Actus primus, Scæna prima.

Enter two Watermen, as in an Alehouſe at Billingsgate, and a Boy with a full Pot of Ale.

1 *Waterm.* THou ſhould'ſt have brought half a dozen Boy, this will not wet, one Pot of Ale is no more in our Bellies, then a man is *Paules*. 2 *Waterm.* That's right: I prithee fetch a couple more, for what we do, we muſt do quickly, and not make a dayes work on't.

Boy. I ſwear I can hardly ſpare another Pot, the Houſe ſwarms with ſeveral Companies, that we have ſcarce Pots enough to ſerve their turnes; but drink as faſt as you will, I'le fill as faſt, I'le warrant you.

1 *Waterm.* Away, away, a man may baul his heart out before thou wilt hear him: bring us another Pot, and by that time this will be ready for thee to fill.

Boy. Well I'le try my Skill. *Exit Boy.*

1 *Waterm.* Come, here's half this to thee, fear it not, 'twill warme us within man. 2 *Waterm.* I know it, and will pledge thee and it were a whole one. 1 *Waterm.* Paſſing good Ale, it goes down merrily.

2 *Waterm.* I believe there's no Bones in't: I have heard of Cock-Ale, *Lambeth*-Ale, *China*-Ale, Roſemary-Ale, Mint-Ale, Wormewood-Ale, Orange-Ale, Lemon-Ale. And I know not how many ſorts more that are the Gentlemens drink as they call 'em; All is but Ale ſtill, made of Water that runs by *Billingsgate*. And

for my part, when all is done give me the plain wholsome Ale of *England* without welt or guard as they say, or a deal of mixtures; but of all drinks I hate that of Coffee, it dries Mens Braines and makes 'em write *Hudibrasses* a plaguy hard Word, and jangles like the breech of a Drum. *Enter Boy.*

Boy. Here Gentlemen I am provided for you.

1 *Waterm.* Gentlemen! you Knave! we may be drunk as Lords if we sit by't, but soft and fair, two words to a bargain, the Fidler play'd no such matter.

2 *Waterm.* No, no, we are for a touch and begone, here fill us this to, and make hast; Presto. *within why Boy.*

Boy. With a high pass and a repass I am gone, can I be here and there to, I'me coming. *Exit Boy running.*

1 *Waterm.* Have at thee agen. *drinks.*

2 *Waterm.* Do thy worst Boy, come, to thee agen, the Parish is but short Man. *drinks.*

1 *Waterm.* 'Twill be welcome when it comes, off with it and it were a mile to the bottom. 2 *Waterm.* See, I am a clean Drinker; *Super naculum*: boy, I hate to spill good Liquor, and throw away the bottom, a man may want it before he dies.

1 *Waterm.* I, so the Parson told us this morning in the Boat, we had a jolly Company of Passengers, but what she should be that is gone with the Parson my Noddle cannot imagine.

2 *Waterm.* A notable perrilous witty Wench I warrant her, let her alone for leading her men. 1 *Waterm.* She'l lead the Parson besides his Text I'me afraid; how she handl'd him?

2 *Waterm.* Nay, marry he would have handl'd Her, by your leave friend.

1 *Waterm.* You say very right, but she was too cunning for him, She was Courted by better Men in the Boat, but she was too hard for them all, I wonder the Parson should carry Her away.

2 *Waterm.* Who would think that such a Yea and Nay man should carry so much wickedness in his Hide.

1 *Waterm.* Oh hang 'em, there's no Whore-master, like the slye Whore-master: the zealous old Scot Doctrin'd Whore-master of the Tribe of *Henderson*.

2 *Waterm.* What was he? what was he?

1 *waterm.*

1 *Waterm.* What, what was he? why he was the Pope of *Scotland.* 2 *Waterm.* Of *Rome* thou mean'ſt Man?

1 *Waterm.* I ſay of *Scotland*, I know what I ſay well enough, and *Marſhall* and *Calamy* were two of his Cardinalls.

2 *waterm.* Lord who would think it, but thou wilt talke any thing in thy Ale. *Enter Boy with more Ale.*

1 *Waterm.* Under the Roſe I may, Oh art thou there Boy, thou art he that does the Liquor bring, though not the Bottle.

Boy. I promiſe you I made what haſt I could, but our houſe is ſo peſter'd. I'me coming---did you ever hear the like? but d'ye hear me? *within why Boy.*

2 *Waterm.* Who told you we did not?

Boy. Well, will you hear me then, there is a Gentleman inquires for you without. 1 *Waterm.* What is he for a Man?

Boy. I tell you he ſeemes a Gentleman.

1 *VVaterm.* Though he be not what he ſeemes, 'tis all one to us; if he has any Money he ſhall be welcome, and ſo let him in.

Boy. Well, I ſhall tell him what you ſay. I come, and I come again Sir. *Exit.* *within Boy, boy.*

1 *VVater.* Now ſhould I laugh if it were ſome good fellow come to pay our reckoning. 2 *VVaterm.* No, no, They are Fiſh too hard to catch; how e're drink about man.

1 *VVaterm.* That's quickly done, here's towards thee.

2 *VVaterm.* T'other Pot, and away.---

Enter Gentleman and Boy.

Gent. Where are the Watermen. *Boy.* They are there Sir.

Gent. How now honeſt Lads, cloſeat it, you ſeldome ſleep I think. 1 *VVaterm.* Yes troth Maſter we were juſt thinking upon it, I think and't pleaſe you, you came up with this Tyde in our Boat. *Gent.* I did ſo. 1 *VVaterm.* We had a Company of merry Paſſengers, not to lye; truely, and worthy Ones, or elſe I am very much miſtaken *Gent.* You had ſo, but one eſpecially. 2 *VVaterm.* If I do not know where he be now ne're truſt me. *Gent.* Why I am here.

2 *VVaterm.* I know that too, but I know where you would be.

Gent. That's a hard matter my friend.

2 *VVaterm.* Do you not mean a Gentlewoman. *Gent.* There were many.

2 *Waterm.* But I do mean *the* Gentlewoman, ſhe that ſat next the Parſon. *Gent.* Now you hit me.

2 *Waterm.* And would not you be with her now, with all your heart and a piece of your Liver? *Gent.* I cannot tell, but I muſt give thee half a dozen of Beer for thy conceits ſake.

1 *Waterm.* Ale is the life of a Waterman Sir.

Gent. Why then Ale let it be.

Boy. You ſhall have it with all ſelerity Sir. *Exit.*

2 *Waterm.* Will your Worſhip or Honour, or I don't know what, be pleaſed to ſit down and take part of our Cup.

Gent. I came to that purpoſe.

2 *Waterm.* Bleſſing on your heart, I do not love a proud Gentleman, methinks a right Gentleman ſhould not be proud by your favour Sir, here's even to you, and to all our Company how ever diſperſed now on Shore.

Gent. I'le pledge you, but my honeſt friends cannot you tell me what is become of that pretty thing.

1 *Waterm.* Pretty thing quoth a, ſhe was worth ten pretty things; ſhe was a thing to thank God for.

Gent. You ſay well. *Enter Boy*

Boy. Here's your quickning Ale Gentlemen. *with Ale.*

Gent: Set it down, and begon.

Boy. I come, I come preſently. *Exit Boy.*

Gent. My friends here's to you both.

1 *Waterm.* One at once Sir, and we are for you.

Gent. Is there no way to find her out? 2 *Waterm.* Way quoth a, it is a ſhame for you all, ſo many Gentlemen aboard her, and let a dry bon'd Parſon carry her away! *Gent.* Pox on't, I loſt her in a miſt; I know not how ſhe whipt away.

2 *Waterm.* You know not whether? *Gent.* Very true, but I hope thou do'ſt? 2 *Waterm.* We know nothing Sir, the Streets are wide and many. *Gent.* Let this for once corrupt thy knowledge, ſhe cannot be far off? *Gives him*

2 *Waterm.* If I thought ſo.---- *money.*

Gent. She muſt be ſome where?

2 *Waterm.* That's certain if ſhe be any where Sir, as doubtleſs ſhe is, and now I think on't. *Gent.* I prithee then think on't.

1 *Waterm.* *London* is a wide place Brother, have a care what you

you do. *Gent.* I prithee hold thy prateing, I'le content thee too. 1 *Waterm.* I say no more, but Brother have a care.

2 *Waterm.* And now I think on't. *Gent.* I, go on.

2 *Waterm.* London is a wide place indeed, and a Man may as soon find a Needle in a Bottle of Hay, as a woman-stranger in this City, yet I would advise you. *Gent.* To what?

2 *Waterm.* To have her Cry'd in every Parish.

Gent. Pish, thou art but a baffling fellow; give me my money agen. 2 *Waterm.* Yes, when can you tell? did you ever know a Waterman guilty of that fault, to part with money when he had got it in his clutches. I am sorry I cannot serve you, and there's all, the time was you might have serv'd your self.

Gent. Thou say'st right, how cursedly was I mistaken! much good may do you with your money.

1 *Waterm.* 'Twill serve to pay the reckoning, Sir I wish you may find her. *Gent.* Since you cannot informe me, my hopes, and search is ended; fare you well. *Exit.*

Watermen. We'l drink a health to your good fortunes Sir.

Watermen. So, 'tis an ill wind blowes no body good, Boy take your reckoning, and now we'l *Enter Boy.*
take a good smart Nap, and then to the work agen.

Boy. All's pay'd in the Rose, and you are *Welchmen* Gentlemen.

1 *Waterm.* Thou art a wag Sirrah. *Exeunt.*

Actus primus, Scæna Secunda.

Enter Parson, and Madam Moders.

Pars. In verity it is a cold bleak morning, a little of the Creature would do well: a Glass of Malligo is very comfortable, yea, even unto the Spirits, with a Toast; it does regenerate, and quicken much, and in a way does elevate, and stir the blood to action; it does assuredly. *Mod.* I apprehend not that, (Sir) but I fear you give your self too great a trouble, thus to follow me, I cannot reach your meaning. *Pars.* Verily 'tis sincerity of love I bear to strangers, as we are exhorted even so to do by the most learned Authors; Yea, we are all but strangers here, and therefore assuredly we should love one another, yea, so the Word is,

even as one another. And ſee, Oh ſee, indeed law, look ye yonder, there is a door open to Comers ſurely, which we have not till now found in our way; I hope my courteſie, your Gentleneſs, will not refuſe, yea truly I hope not.

Mod. I muſt houſe ſome where: faine I would be rid of this impertinent Coxcomb, yet methinkes I'me chain'd unto him as ſome fate hung o're me, he may prove fortinate.---

Parſ. How ſay you beauteous Creature?

Mod. In truth I ſay Sir you do ſo abound in Courteſie, I ſhall fall ſhort in my endeavours to requite it. *Parſ.* 'Tis an eaſie, yea, even a very eaſie matter ſurely will do't if you ſo pleaſe,--- where is the Man o'th houſe here? *Enter* Mr. *King*

King. What is your will? *Parſ.* Nay, is it your will, that we may have a ſpecial Glaſs of Malligo.

Mr. King. The beſt in all the Town I warrant you. Where are you there? *Enter Drawer.*

Parſ. We are but newly come off the Water in verity: and ſomething that's warme is not a miſs truly; how ſay you Sir? with this fair Creatures good leave, I think it is not aſſuredly.

Mr. King, Shew a Roome preſently d'ye hear, and draw a Pint of the beſt Malligo, that's next----d'ye hear, do you ſee, do you underſtand me. *Exit Mr. King.*

Draw: I ſhall Sir---will you pleaſe to walk into a Roome.

Parſ. Yea verily, how ſay you forſooth? *Mod.* I am at your diſpoſal Sir.

Parſ. In verity I wiſh you were elſe, for ah-- ah- -pray give me leave to take you by the hand forſooth ah--ah--'tis as ſoft as Velvet. *He rubs his Elbow.* *Exeunt.*

And enter again at the other end of the Stage, where there is a Table and Stooles ſet forth.

Parſ. A very pretty cloſe convenient Roome this is aſſuredly; how ſay you beauteous Creature. *Mod.* Why truly Sir the cloſeneſs of it does not at all concern me; if it were ten times wider I ſhould like it a great deal better. *Enter Drawer with VVine.*

Parſ. Aſſuredly I think not ſo; yea, I can give you many reaſons for it, Divine, and Morrall, Hyperbolicall, or Tropologicall,---but here's the creature come, that's the wine, now

now this should have a fellow, that is a Toast, where is the other Creature?

Draw. Even at the fire Sir,
To receive its Tryal. *Mod.* The fellow jeers him.

Parf. You answer'd well young man, yea verily; but let it not be burnt. *Draw.* It shall not be a Martyre; he will turne first assuredly *Exit.*

Mod. Why this is excellent. *Parf.* A good ingenious young man verily, I warrant him well notion'd, that's to say in truth one that has somthing in him, yea certainly, but as I was about to say; to draw my reasons to a head, that is to tell you what they are, assuredly; and first.--- *Enter Drawer.*

Mod. The Toast is ready Sir. *with the Toast.*

Parf. You assure me right. *Draw.* Yea, and it has got a new Coat by turning. *Exit.*

Mod. Ha, ha, ha, *Parf.* Assuredly your mirth is comfort to me, what might occasion it, I pray if that---

Mod. A Toy came in my head. *Parf.* Your Sex have many: but in so sweet a thing as you, they do appear (methinks) commendable, yea verily. *Mod.* In that opinion you deceive your self, me you cannot Sir.

Parf. Not for Worlds on worlds! and yet the Weather may allow us to come neerer one another, verily, without offence, or misconstruction; for it is raw and cold, yea very cold. *offers to*

Mod. The Roome is warm, good Sir keep your seat. *remove.*

Parf. Strangers I love, and strangers should love me, in verity they should la; else we do deny the sense, bids us love one another; yea, verily we do, I'le try how warme *drawes his Chair*
you are, and truly by a sweet conjunction *neer Her.*
we may warme one another, yea assuredly.

Mod. Sir I understand you not. *Parf.* I hope you will, an understanding Woman is a Jewel, yea, yea, a precious Jewel in the Eares, and hearts of Princes and wise men assuredly, in sundry places we do find it so, yea verily; ah, ah, ah, ah, this hand yea this same hand of yours. *Mod.* And what of it Sir?

Parf. It melts like Butter 'gainst the Sun believe me, I would come neerer verily, that is unto your Lip, *Enter Drawer.*

in

in verity it would affourd me ſweetneſs in abundance, truly aſſuredly it would, I pray, I pray.--- *Mod.* I am a ſtrainger to your ſenſe and Perſon: keep farther off Sir, or indeed I ſhall,---

Parſ. Yea, yea, *Draw.* Nay, nay, are you ſo rampant; 'Parſon, I thought I knew your meaning *Aſide.* by your Gaping; are you ſo hot? I'le ſend a cooler to you. *Exit.*

Parſ. Ha--ha--ha--ha--ha.-- *Mod.* What's your meaning Sir?

Parſ. The Spirit boyles within me, ye *Enter Mr.* aſſuredly, and if it be not look'd to, certainly *King.* the Liquor will run over, yea in truth, la.

Mod. You are th'uncivill'ſt man that e're I met with, and undeſerving of the Coat and Title you do aſſume; hands off.---

Mr. King. A civil Gentlewoman I warrant her.

Mod. You rude fellow you. *Parſ.* Yea, as the Wiſe man ſaid, a Womans Tongue is Wormwood, yea verily Gaul and bitterneſs. *Mr. King.* A man of your Coat d'ye ſee to do theſe things d'ye ſee, it is a ſhame d'ye ſee, d'ye marke me, that.

Parſ. Aſſuredly I will pay for the Malligo and the Toaſt, yea I will. *Mod.* I ſcorn your courteſie Sir. *Parſ* In verity I will. *Mr. King.* Let him Miſtreſs d'ye ſee, he has ſworn d'ye ſee. *Parſ.* Aſſuredly I will, what is it pray?

Mr. King. But Twelve-pence do you ſee.

Parſ. Twelve-pence is juſt a Shilling verily, and there it is aſſuredly; fair one, I greet you well; but will conclude with the wiſe Man, he that takes a Woman for his friend takes a wrong Sow by the Ear; yea verily. *Exit Parſon.*

Mr. King. I do perceive d'ye ſee you are a ſtranger.

Mod. A very ſtranger to this Town indeed Sir.

Mr. King. And 'tis very likely d'ye ſee you have a charge about ye. *Mod.* I have ſo Sir. *Mr. King.* If you pleaſe d'ye ſee to make uſe of part of my Houſe, d'ye ſee you need go no farther, here you may be ſafe d'ye ſee, I ſee you are a civil Gentlewoman, and 'tis pity d'ye ſee you ſhould happen into a place that would abuſe you, there are ſome ſuch in Town; d'ye ſee that will prey upon ſtrangers d'ye ſee, but you ſhall find no ſuch thing here believe me. *Mod.* I do Sir, and kindly do imbrace your proffer.

Mr. King. You ſhall want nothing in my houſe d'ye ſee, if you pleaſe

please to see your Chamber? *Mod.* Sir you oblige me much for this civility. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Mr. *King and his Wife.*

Mr. *King.* SWeet Heart, I have a secret to impart to thee, and a very precious one, d'ye see, it may be worth us pounds wench, nay, if I said hundreds I should not lye, d'ye hear me? provided we order our matters well, and carry 'em in the right way, d'ye see. And therefore I must conjure thee by all loves and nuptial kindnesses that has or may pass between us at Bed or at Board, d'ye see.--- *Wife,* What is all this for?

Mr. *King,* For it is no petty ordinary common thing d'ye see, but a thing of profit d'ye see, and credit d'ye see, and honour may come on't d'ye see. *Wife,* What is it? what is it?

Mr. *King,* If a man cannot reveale a thing to his own Flesh and blood, d'ye see, who shall he do it to then d'ye see?

Wife, I pray Sweet-heart let me know your meaning?

Mr. *King,* Womens hearts are like Cullenders, d'ye see, or Loop-holes, d'ye see, but if a man cannot trust his own wife, his second self! d'ye see, I know not what to say d'ye see.

Wife, Good Sweet-heart let me understand you, do you doubt me Sweet-heart? Mr. *King,* I doubt no body d'ye see, but a secret is a secret, d'ye see, and ought to be kept safe, tender as the Apple of ones eye, d'ye see, or the heart in ones bosome, d'ye see. *Wife,* Lord, lord, how I long to know it.

Mr. *King,* Yes you may long d'ye see, and shorten agen, d'ye see, but who payes for't d'ye see. *Wife,* Nay, I prithee Sweet-heart.

Mr. *King,* This it is d'ye see, to have a carefull Husband d'ye see, that riseth early and sits up late, d'ye see, while you she things, you lazy drones, you heavy ey'd wives d'ye see, run to your roost e're it chymes tenn, d'ye see me, there snug and snore till ten next morning, d'ye see; out upon such huswifes I cry.

Wife, I, but Sweet-heart, what needes all this? good, now let me know this secret, this secret you talk of. Mr. *King,* He that

goes to bed with a Cap of cares on his head is an early riſer, d'ye ſee, he takes time by the fore lock, d'ye ſee, and muſt thrive d'ye ſee, as it is ſeen in Cynder women, and Small-cole men d'ye ſee, who have a penny in Purſs to ſpend when the ſluggiſh man does want it d'ye ſee. *Wife*, You weary me, good Sweet-heart to the purpoſe. Mr. *King*, It is a ſecret d'ye ſee, that you muſt keep as cloſe d'ye ſee, as you do your ſins, d'ye ſee, and reveale it to no body d'ye ſee, without my privity d'ye ſee.

wife, You have charm'd me chuck, pray let me know it.

Mr. *King*, Why then, d'ye ſee?--- *wife*, You know I do, dear heart you know I do, if you love me do not trifle thus,

Mr. *King*, Why then I muſt tell you and exhort you, d'ye ſee, not to lye ſo long a bed, you may get Fleas d'ye ſee, but no wealth there; a ſtirring Wife is the only woman d'ye ſee, when all is done, d'ye think my Brother *Bloodworth* would ever have come to be an Alderman or a Knight if his wife d'ye ſee had not had a care of the Kitchin, and been ſtirring? *wife*, Well, well, I'le begone Sweet-heart, I ſee you have a mind to mock me; prepare me for a ſecret to no purpoſe. Mr. *King*, Yes, it ſhall be to a purpoſe d'ye ſee, and a good purpoſe too d'ye ſee, this very morning e're the Crow had piſt d'ye ſee, I got into my Barr d'ye hear, and as good fortune would have it d'ye ſee, in comes a Parſon and as ſweet a thing d'ye ſee, as modeſt and as comely as ever ſtrod o're Threſhold d'ye ſee, with him d'ye ſee, they drank a pint of Wine, and I found the Parſon was ill inclin'd d'ye ſee; and his Coat lin'd with letchery d'ye ſee. *wife*, I pray Chuck by the way, where does that Parſon preach? Mr. *King*, That's not to my matter d'ye ſee, I found her to be a vertuous Gentlewoman d'ye ſee, a ſtranger, and a Perſon that had a charge about her d'ye ſee, yea Jewells and Treaſure d'ye ſee. *wife*, And what then Chuck?

Mr. *King*, Why, then I diſcharg'd the Parſon d'ye ſee, after he had diſcharg'd the Reckoning d'ye ſee, as it was fit, but not before d'ye ſee. *wife*, So then, and what became of the Gentlewoman? Mr. *King*, Why ſhe had a charge about her d'ye ſee, and you may think I would take care of her d'ye ſee, ſhe is forth coming. *wife*, Where, good Husband where?

Mr. *King*, In no worſer place then our own houſe d'ye ſee.

wife,

wife, Now bleſſing on thee Chuck I ſhall have a Companion.

Mr. *King*, Hold there child, d'ye ſee, we muſt go wiſely to work d'ye ſee, and find out what ſhe is d'ye ſee, for certainly ſhe is a Gentlewoman of ſome quality, and therefore you muſt uſe her with all reſpect becoming her Perſon d'ye ſee; and when we find how matters ſtand let us alone to make our Markets d'ye ſee, if we don't hang me d'ye ſee. *wife*, Sweet-heart, believe me if there be any confidence to be put in Woman, your ſecret is lockt here in this Cabinet of which none keeps a key but your ſelf; and if you think I retain any thing of a mothers wit in me let me alone to ſift her out; were ſhe as ſubtle as the great Grandmother of us all.

Mr. *King*, Be wiſe d'ye ſee, keep things cloſe d'ye ſee, and then I warrant ye d'ye ſee. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus, Scæna Secunda.

Enter Madam Moders, and the Maid of the Houſe.

Maid, My Miſtreſs will waite upon you immediately forſooth, and I am ſent in the meane time to know what you want.

Mod. I returne my equal thankes to your Maſter and Miſtreſs, and tell them if they can ſpare me a Glaſs bigger then this I travail with, to dreſs me by, they wilkdo me a kindneſs, and d'ye hear ſweart a little Paper too, prithee, and I will pay for it. *Maid*, And Pen, and Inke forſooth? *Mod.* No, I never am without one 'tis ſo neceſſary. *She opens a little Cabinet & ſpreads ſome Jewels and money upon the Table.*

Maid, Do you want nothing elſe, forſooth.

Mod. Not at preſent, *Maid*, I'le returne withall ſpeed forſooth. *Mod.* Do ſo. *Exit Maid.*

Madam Moders alone.

Mod. Theſe People are highly officious, I have not met the like civility in any place, what e're the reaſon is; if it continue thus, it will be wonderfull: I am a Stranger, and I muſt be ſo in my Deportment, as the ſight of theſe drawes on reſpect, ſo a becoming diſtance in me is neceſſary; to be too familiar renders a woman light, though ſhe be honeſt, and to be *pointing to her Jewels.*

ſowre and ſurley is as bad, and argues want of breeding, to avoid the cenſure of either, I'le walk between both, and as I find my Company, appear neither too Jocand, nor yet too ſevere.

Enter Maid.

Maid, I have brought the Glaſs, and the Paper forſooth.

Mod. You have done very well, ſet 'em down, I thank you.

Maid, My Miſtreſs is juſt upon coming; forſooth.

Mod. She gives her ſelf too great a trouble then, but ſhe ſhall be moſt welcome. *Maid*, I'le tell her ſo forſooth, God bleſs you forſooth. *Mod.* I thank thee Wench, *gives her* thy prayer deſerves ſomething, and thou ſhalt have it.--- *money.*

Madam, Oh lack-a-day forſooth, no, no forſooth, but if it muſt be ſo forſooth I humbly thank you.

Mod. Farewell, this muſt be done; A grain *Exit Wench.* or two caſt on a fruitful Soyle may multiply. The Wench looks not like one would be ungratefull, and I have gain'd experience by my Travail, that 'tis a thrift thus to be prodigal. *Enter* Mrs. This ſhould be the Gentlewoman of the houſe, *King.* I ſhould meet her now---but ſtay a little. --

Mrs. *King*, I fear I entrude forſooth; you are buſie.

Mod. I cry you mercy Miſtreſs, ſome Letters I am fitting for the Poſt, but no great buſineſs; to let my friends know where I do reſide, that I may hear from them, that's all.

Miſtreſs, And that's enough for me. *a ſide*

Mod. Will you pleaſe to ſeat your ſelf? Mrs. *King*, I came indeed to invite you down to Dinner, goodneſs how theſe hangings look for want of bruſhing, what an idle Wench is this, the Curtaines and Vallance too, and the Chaires and Stooles too, what Windowes are here, I dare ſay they have not been well rub'd this week; the very Flore forſooth if you will believe me have ſhin'd ſo, you might have ſeen your face in't, goodneſs my Husband is ſuch a man to put a Gentlewoman into a Roome,---Oh fie upon't, I fear forſooth you are but ill pleas'd as you are ill fitted, but indeed I promiſe it ſhall be amended. *Mod.* It needes not Miſtreſs, methinks 'tis very well, and ſo long as I am contented, you need not trouble your ſelf. Mrs. *King*, That is your goodneſs forſooth, but will you be pleaſed to walk down to Dinner, or will you have

a Diſh of Meat brought up? *Mod.* No, Miſtreſs I dare not take that State upon me as to dine by my ſelf, if I dine at all 'twill be with you, but truly I do not know how--- Mrs. *King*, If your Letters be all the hinderance, you have time enough to diſpatch them forſooth. *Mod.* But I am all unready.

Mrs. *King*, You need not fear Strangers, my Husband and my ſelf are all. *Mod.* Say you ſo Landlady, then I dare venture.

Mrs. *King*, Will you pleaſe to lead the way forſooth.

Mod. No, I hope you will leave me in Poſſeſſion of my Chamber.

Mrs. *King*. Oh becauſe of ſhutting of the door, 'tis very right, Lord how forgetfull I am, pray pardon me forſooth. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus, Scæna Tertia.

Enter Young Carleton and the Celler-man.

Y. Carlet. Where's my Siſter? *Cellerm.* Who do you mean, my Miſtreſs. *Yo. Carlet.* Prithee fool whom elſe?

Cellerm. Why then my Miſtreſs your Siſter is. ----

Yo. Carlet. What art thou drunk, where is ſhe?

Cellerm. Drunk, what is that word drunk? did you ever know me drunk? let Coblers and Tinkers be drunk, did you ever know a Cellerman drunk? *Yo. Carlet.* Leave this fooling, where's my Siſter? *Cellerm.* drunk! drunk! how can he tell any thing that is drunk? yes I know where your Siſter is.

Yo. Carlet. Come where is ſhe. *Cellerm.* You may go look, drunk! if I did know I would not tell you; drunk! *Yo. Carlet.* Go you are a Sot.--- *Cellerm.* A Sot! you Scriveners Boy, you Pen and Ink-horn, a Sot you Shittafritter. *Yo. Carlet.* Sirrah I ſhall box ye if you be thus ſawcy. *Cellerm.* Box me, you cocaloach, you Tinder-box of a Clark, you Rump of a Lawyer, you box me, come, boy come, come an thou dar'ſt here I ſtand. *Enter Drawer.* *Yo. Carlet.* Very hardly, art not thou a baſe Raſcall to abuſe me thus I could kick thee about like a Foot-ball thou dirty fellew thou. *Cellerm.* Who kick me, kick me! Boy, boy, I'le kick thee boy, thou ſpindle thou. *he offers to kick, and falls down.* *Draw.* Why how now, what's the matter?

ter? what down man? up again and take another. *helps him up.*

Cellerm. Drunk, and ſot, and a Foot-ball to be kickt very fare, come kick for kick, I'le ſo toſs thee. *To. Carlet.* welfare a good friend, you had given your ſelf the other toſs elſe.

Draw. Come prithee get thee in. *Cellerm.* He ſayes I am drunk. *Draw.* Why ſo thou art inſufferably, curſedly drunk.

Celler. Thou lieſt in ſober ſadneſs, curſedly, to ſay ſo, though thou wert my brother ten times over. *Draw.* No more of this; go, go thy wayes to ſleep. *Cellerm.* Sleep, Pox of ſleep, I care not for ſleep, I did not ſleep ten wincks all laſt night, I never ſleep, am up early and late for my Maſters profit, yes *Carleton*, I am *Carleton*, what ſay you to that now *Carleton*, hah!

Draw. Prithee go thy wayes up Stares, or into ſome by Roome I prithee brother do. *Cellerm.* Yes, I ſhall but d'ye hear *Carleton*, if ever I meet you *Carleton.*--- *Draw.* Thou'lt give him a Glaſs of Wine. *Cellerm.* What then? it may be ſo I will, and the beſt Wine in the Celler too; *Carleton* without being drunk *Carleton*, what ſay you to that *Carleton*, or a Sot, *Carleton*, or a Foot-ball *Carleton*, how think you of that *Carleton*?

D. Very well, prithee begone. *Celler.* I will not tell I've ta'ne him by the hand. *Draw.* Why that's well done. *Cellerm.* Why you muſt think I cannot but love the man for the Womans ſake, I do ſo Mr. *Carleton*, ſhe is my Miſtreſs Mr. *Carleton*, *weepes.* and you are her Brother Mr. *Carleton*, Fleſh and Blood Mr. *Carleton*, is very neer Mr. *Carleton.* *Draw.* Now his kindneſs over-flowes: will thou go in? *Cellerm.* I will have a pint of Canary firſt to drink to Mr. *Carleton*, I pray fetch it Brother I'le pay for it, honeſt Mr. *Carleton*, my Miſtreſſes Brother, but I am not drunk Mr. *Carleton*, nor a Sot Mr. *Carleton*, nor a Foot-ball Mr. *Carleton*, I may be a fool Mr. *Carleton*, but I love you Mr. *Carleton.*

To. Carlet. Thou art an honeſt fellow. *Cellerm.* Yes, and ever was Mr. *Carleton*, yet I will creepe on all four to do you good Mr. *Carleton*, and yet I am not drunk Mr. *Carleton.*

Draw. Thou art not, thou art not. *Cellerm.* It may be I am ſo, ſo, as they ſay in a fair way, but drunk I hate to be drunk.

Draw. Wilt thou go into a Roome. *Cellerm.* I will not ſtirr a foot, nor a leg, nor a finger, nor a thumb, unleſs Mr. *Carleton* commands

commands me, and ſayes honeſt Rogue I love thee.

Yo. Carlet. Why honeſt Rogue I love thee. *Cellerm.* Why ſo now; is not this better then to ſay you are drunk, a ſot, and I'le kick you like a Foot-ball:---why now you are a Gentleman; and if you will go down into the Cellar I will not waſt your Brothers Goods but what you drink there I'le pay for, a man can ſay no more. *Draw.* Another time Brother, another time.

Cellerm. Why what's that to thee, thou wilt be medling with other mens matters. *Draw.* No more quarrelling good brother: prithee go in. *Cellerm.* Do you ſay I ſhall go in Mr. *Carleton*, if you ſay the Word I am gone. *Yo. Carlet.* I, honeſt Rogue prithee begone. *Cellerm.* Why then I fly. *Stumbles.*

Draw. Hold there man. *Cellerm.* A pox of theſe Tobacco Pipes, they lie in a mans way baſely: d'ye hear brother, if company come in you know where to find me. *Exit Cellerman.*

Draw. Faſt a ſleep in the Cellar. *Yo. Carlet.* 'Tis a very honeſt fellow, did not this drink abuſe him. *Draw.* 'Tis wonder'd where he gets it; in Company he ſhuns it, unleſs the ſent of the Celler makes him drunk, no man can gueſs it, or drinks with his own ſhaddow. *Yo. Carlet.* Alas poor fellow; but where is my Siſter? *Draw.* At dinner Sir, or neer upon't, with a moſt dainty Creature, a ſweet modeſt thing. *Draw.* What is ſhe? *Draw.* A meere ſtranger happen'd in here by chance; ſhe is worth your ſeeing Sir. *Yo. Carlet.* Say'ſt thou ſo; I confeſs I'me ſomething baſhfull, but I'le venture.

Draw. I would I durſt. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.

Enter Young Carleton and Miſtreſs King.

Mrs. *King.* Good lack *John* that you ſhould be ſo ſimple to come ſo late, you know we dine betims, eſpecially when we have little Company; but if thou'lt take a ſnip ſuch as it is, thou knoweſt thou art welcome *John*: *Yo. Carlet.* Pough, I care not for a dinner; I am vext I miſt th eſight o'th Lady.

Mrs. *King.* What Lady? *John?* *Yo. Carlet.* You think that

I know nothing; what Lady was it that came in this morning early, very early. Mrs. *King.* Why *John* as I am a Woman.---

Yo. Carlet. You know there was a Gentlewoman or Lady, ſtranger, came hither this morning as I ſaid before; fie Siſter why do you make it ſo ſtrange to me your natural brother.---

Mrs. King. Lord, how doſt thou know this.

Yo. Carlet. What do I not know? Mrs. *King.* Well now it is out; I ever took thee for a *Conjurer* by the ſcrawles thou us'd to make at home; nay in my conſcience I think verily if thou would'ſt confeſs *John*, thou mak'ſt Almanacks *John*, and fortune Bookes *John*; Oh thou wer't alwaies a wag *John.*

Yo. Carlet. Away fool; But may not I ſee this ſtranger?

Mrs. *King.* Well thou art a very Witch *John*, if I was not ſworn to ſecrecy, yea by my own Husband let me be hang'd now, and thou by thy craft, thy wicked craft, (for ſo it is) haſt found out all; but *John* thou canſt not ſee her now for all thy cunning.

Yo. Carlet. Why ſo, Siſter? Mrs. *King.* In troth ſhe's deſpatching Letters to be ſent by the Poſt *John*, but to morrow *John.*

Yo. Carlet. What then Siſter? Mrs. *King.* We ſhall feaſt our friends *John*, and cannot in civility do leſs then invite her *John*, being a ſojourner in our houſe *John*, and then thou ſhalt have thy belly full of ſeeing of her *Iohn*, but no words *Iohn*; if thou lov'ſt me; ſhe is a well bred Woman, I perceive that *John*, already *John*; but no words as you love me. *Yo. Carlet.* Not a word I.

Mrs. *King.* Be ſure you come betimes, and be very neat *John*, 'twill be for your credit, and you may find the benefit of it in time *John.* *Yo. Carlet.* Well, well, you know Siſter I can be as ſpruce and finicall as another when I pleaſe. Mrs. *King.* I know it *John.* *Yo. Carlet.* And ſo adue Siſter. Mrs. *King.* fare you well brother *John.* *Exeunt ſeverally.*

Actus Tertius, Scæna Secunda

Enter madam Moders and the Maid of the Houſe.

Mod. Sweet heart ſhall I trouble thee. *Maid.* No trouble forſooth to ſerve you. *Mod.* Only to get a truſty meſſenger to

to deliver these Letters for me at the Post office, they are of concernment, and their miscarriage will much prejudice me; and therefore good sweet heart get one you know, and are assured of.

Maid. I'le carry them my self forsooth with my Mistresses leave.

Mod. That would do well indeed, but I fear thy mistress cannot spare thee. *Maid.* Yes I warrant you forsooth.

Mod. shall I not be too troublesome.

Maid. Oh no forsooth. *Mod.* I would not give her occasion of distaste. *Maid.* You need not fear it forsooth, she is of a better disposition then so. *Mod.* Well sweet heart I'le trust to your care then, there's money for 'em. *Maid.* They shall be safe delivered forsooth. *Exit.*

Mod. I find these people's over kindness mixt;
With greyness of subtlety; their plausibility
Gives only Credit to their busie purpose:
My Landlady like to one Grandam Eve,
Covets to know more then she ever shall;
Yet I'le afford her to tast of the Apple,
And since she'l needes trouble her self 'bout matters
That unconcernes her, I have fitted her,
My Letters which I know she'l intercept,
And pry into, to satisfie her longing,
(Though it be most inhospitable and base,)
I've fram'd accordingly there let her nibble,
Upon the bates I've laid and please her self,
With thinking she knowes all, when she knowes nothing:
Whil'st I've seem still a stranger to her meaning,
The more respects she shews me, I will be
The more reserv'd which will draw greater on,
With some continuance, poor shallow thing
To hope to sift me out in my affaires,
My Education has not been so slender,
Nor my Wit left naked of Rudiments,
To be a Price for thee and thy designes;
All bold inquisitors ought thus to be
Deluded with some shew of certainty.

Enter Maid of the House.

Maid. The Letters are delivered forsooth. *Mod.* Art sure on't? *Maid.* Sure on't forsooth, I deliver'd 'em with my own hands I'me sure. *Mod.* Say'st thou so, thou hast made hast then I'le promise thee. *Maid.* Have you any more service to command me forsooth? *Mod.* Not to night wench.

Maid. Shall I not help to undress you forsooth?

Mod. I was not dreſt to day, and having nothing on but what I can cast off without thy help wench, I acquit thy diligence.

Maid. Good rest to your Ladiship. *Exit.*

Mod. Ladiship! so, now it begins to work,
Will it rest there! no, their conceits fly higher;
A forraign Princess, that for love of some
Brave *Englishman*, has left her Native Soyle,
And privately is here Arriv'd, or so;
But that's too lame, I'd rather have it thus;
A Noble Person that to view the World
With an experienc'd eye, throwes off her State,
And like to the late active *Swedish* Queen,
Retires into a Hut without her Retinue.
This meetes my fancy and comes neerest to
Their Wit (if they have any) here's a Field
For us to play in; as I see 'em move,
I'le poyse their admiration, and their love. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius, Scæna Tertia.

Enter Mr. *King and his Wife.*

Mr. *King.* Good sweet heart d'ye see, I would not have you so busie d'ye see, sweet heart a body does not know what may come on't d'ye see sweet heart. *Wife.* Prithee chuck hold thy tongue she's a brave Woman, nay, she must be a gallant Woman, I know what I intend well enough, take you no care, the business is mine chuck. Mr. *King.* Nay, d'ye see, I will not cross you sweet heart d'ye see, I wish all may go well, but you know she is but a stranger d'ye see, and a body may be deceiv'd d'ye see, of what

what you hope for d'ye ſee. *Wife.* Let the fault lie on me then chuck, look here's my brother *John.* *Enter Yo. Carleton.*

Mr. *King.* Brother you are very heartily welcome d'ye ſee, indeed you are d'ye ſee, I cann't diſſemble d'ye ſee, in truth I cannot.

Yo. Carlet. I know it, what needes all this brother?

Wife. You are very early *John*, and very ſmug *John.*

Yo. Carlet. I came juſt from the Barbers, but where's the Lady?

Mr. *King.* What Lady? I know no Lady I proteſt d'ye ſee, but my own Wife your Siſter d'ye ſee, who is the only Lady and Miſtreſs of the houſe d'ye ſee. *Wife.* Oh fie chuck, fie, you know, you know. Mr. *King.* True, there is a ſtrange Gentlewoman ſojournes here d'ye ſee for ſome time, but I know no more on't d'ye ſee. *Yo. Carlet.* Why then a Gentlewoman let her be, ſo I can but ſee her. Mrs. *King.* I think thou long'ſt for't *John*, hearken and thou may'ſt hear her *John*, 'tis her voice I promiſe thee. *Yo. Carlet.* 'Tis a ſweet one,—hold good Siſter hold, I love a good voice as I love my life. *ſings above.*

SONG.

A way, away, flatter no more
My eaſie Faith, for now I ſee
What thou in me ſeem'd to adore
Thou mak'ſt thy pleaſures propelty;
No more, no more will I believe
The man that can ſo ſoon deceive;

Yo. Carlet. Excellent, excellent,—Oh good Siſter liſten a little. *She goes on.*

SONG.

Nor was it flattery that did,
Betray my heart, but that I lov'd,
For which my Reaſon hath been chid,
And I the ſaid effects have prov'd;
Then go, and I no more will ſee
The man that has abuſed me.

Yo. Carlet. Incomparable! the Voice of Nightengales are hoarſe to hers: ſhall I ſee her Siſter? *Wife.* Yes brother *John* you ſhall ſee her, but I muſt prepare her firſt, you will not know her elſe, ſhe'l not be ſeen till Dinner time. *Yo. Carlet.* Would it were ready, I ſhall be ſtarv'd till then.

Mr. *King.* Rather then ſo d'ye ſee, we have a bye Bit for ye.

Yo. Carlet. You do not underſtand me brother.

Wife. No, no, *John*, heaken to me, ſhe that I ſhall call Couzen when we are at Dinner is the Party; and by that word *John* you may know her, but let none elſe take notice of it.

Yo. Carlet. If her perſon be anſwerable to her voice, ſhe will be taken notice of, whether I will or no. Mr. *King.* He ſayes right Wife d'ye ſee, the truth is I would not have my brother d'ye ſee, take any notice of her more then as a ſtranger.

Wife. That is my meaning chuck. Mr. *King.* for ſhe may be a perſon of Quality d'ye ſee, and ſhe may not d'ye ſee, all is not Gold that glitters. *Yo. Carlet.* Good brother do not forſtall the Market, when I know not how to carry my ſelf you ſhall inſtruct me. Mr. *King.* Nay, brother I do not ſpeak for your carriage d'ye ſee, but for your good d'ye ſee, I would not have you enſnar'd d'ye ſee. *Wife.* Enſnar'd Love! doſt thou think that I, who am his natural born Sifter, fleſh, blood, and bone, would bring him into a ſnare love! Mr. *King.* No chuck, but thou may'ſt be miſtaken in the thing it ſelf d'ye ſee chuck.

Yo. Carlet. I perceive my Brother is not minded I ſhould ſee the Gentlewoman, fare you well Sifter, I'le not be troubleſome.

Mr *King.* Good lord d'ye ſee; my own heart is not welcomer to my Boſome then you are to it d'ye ſee, but I ſpeak by way of caution d'ye ſee, becauſe I love you, *Yo. Carlet.* Certainly I'me neither fool nor mad-man, I have my Wits about me.

Wife. I *John* that thou haſt *John* to my knowledge, more wit then twenty of 'em, and I am no fool neither *John*, thou knoweſt it, and I know more *John* then I will ſpeak; be rul'd by me *John*, let me alone I'le order the buſineſs if thou haſt a mind to her.

Yo. Carlet. When I have ſeen her I will tell you more.

Wife. And that thou ſhalt *John* for all his pettiſhneſs.

Mr. *King.* Nay, I have done d'ye ſee, I'le medle no more in't.

Enter two Gentlemen, with a Drawer. *Exeunt.*

1 *Gent.* Are the Gueſs all come. *Draw.* Now you are come Gentlemen. 2 *Gent.* Are we the laſt Couple in Hell then.

3 *Gent.* I believe not; is *Jack Carleton* come? *Draw.* Yes Sir. 1 *Gent.* Nay then I fear we are tardy in point of time, for he us'd to be alwaies the laſt man born. *Draw.*

Draw. To day he came ſooner then was exſpected indeed, but you are not too late, in very good time Gentlemen; will you pleaſe to walk up. 2 *Gent.* What elſe. *Exeunt.*

The Scene of a Celler is diſcovered, wherein ſits the Cellerman, by him a little Table, with a lighted Candle on it, and ſeveral ſorts of Pots about it.

Cellerm. Here am I plac'd to attend the noice above Staires; I fill and fill, all manner of Veſſels from the Gallon to the Gill Pot, and they bawle and call, and take 'em away as faſt, but the divel of drop they give me; none has the heart to ſay honeſt *Wat* here's to thee, and God-a mercy 'tis good Wine, hang their money, I reſpect their love, but thou art not belov'd *Wat*, therefore love thy ſelf *Wat*, the Poets ſay thou art Prince of the Spiggot and art in thy Kingdome when thou art in the Celler, if ſo then all theſe are my Subjects, the *French*, the *Dutch*, and the *Spaniſh*, nay I dare ſay if need be I can command the *Welſh*, the *Iriſh*, the *Scotiſh*, and the *Engliſh*; then *Wat* do like a Prince make uſe of thy Subjects as they make uſe of thee, for they would be muſty elſe.--- *within Wat*, doſt thou hear *Wat* thou art call'd upon, thou muſt make haſt they ſay hum,---ſo be it, by, and by, this muſt be fill'd with Sherry, this with Canary brisk, this with old Malligo, but d'ye hear me Sherry, Canary brisk, and old Malligo, there's none of you ſhall go 'till I have ta'ne exciſe---here *Wat*, ſince no body elſe will, I'le drink to thee my ſelf, 'tis a cup of pure Sherry, *Wat*, why gramercy---this is ſomething now, here is good fellowſhip, and no body ſees! they ſay thou haſt a good Pallat *Wat*, I'le try it in faith, here's to thee in a Cup of brisk Canary, off with it man, and ſo I will *VVat*, and now what ſay'ſt thou to a Cup of old Malligo *VVat?* it cannot but be good, the beſt in Town *VVat* I approve it, off with it man; doubteſt thou me *VVat*? now are we Company for Poets *VVat*, but hold---wilt thou let thy *French* and *Dutch* Subjects go free *VVat?* No thou wilt be an unjuſt Prince then, as for the *Engliſh*, *VVelch*, *Iriſh*, and *Scotiſh*, they are poor, acquit 'em, acquit 'em, then here's to thee in a Cup of Rheniſh 'tis cleanſing drink *VVat*; off with it, art thou now for a Cup of ſpruce Claret, or White *VVat?* both; thou

looks to the Pots.

fills his Veſſel and cup.

ſhalt have 'em intire boy, intire boy; rich Wine *VVat*, huge rich Wine *VVat*, damnable ſearching *VVat*; yea it is ſo, it is ſo, it is ſo. *falls into his Chair & ſleeps*

Enter two Drawers.

1 *Draw.* Here he is with all his Artillery about him, dormant as a Mouſe. 2 *Draw.* Does he not ſleep Dogs ſleep.

1 *Draw.* No you may hear him to *Hogesden*.

2 *Draw.* I'le waken him. 1 *Draw.* By no means, he ſat up late laſt night, come help up with theſe Pots. *They carry the Pots off and ſo The Scene is drawn.*

Enter Mrs. *King, and Young Carleton.*

Mrs. *King.* Now Dinner's done, while they are merry *John* let you and I conſider of the matter; how do you like the Perſon, *John*? *Yo. Carlet.* Exceeding well; good at diſcourſe, and of a modeſt countenance. Mrs. *King.* Why law ye now, did not I tell you this *John*? and you would not believe me, my Huſband like a fool was of the ſame faith too. *Yo. Carlet.* Pough I did believe you Siſter, but has ſhe that eſtate you talke of too?

Mrs. *King.* What do you doubt me there too *John*? yes ſhe has an Eſtate and a glorious Eſtate *John*, but what it is I do not know *John*, yet I can ſhrewdly gueſs *John* and if need be.—

Yo. Carlet. Is it in her own hands. Mrs. *King.* Why now I ſee thou art not ſo wiſe as I thought thee to be *John*, in whoſe hands ſhould it be elſe *John*. *Yo. Carlet.* Where lies it.

Mrs. *King.* Between Heaven and Earth *John*, does not all peoples Eſtates lie there you fool. *Yo. Carlet.* I would not be made one of good Siſter. Mrs. *King.* Nay, if you be there abouts *John* I have done. *Yo. Carlet.* I muſt confeſs I never ſaw a perſon I ever fancy'd better; Pray Heaven my flames conſume me not, they take ſo ſoon, and are ſo fierce. Mrs. *King.* Fear not *John*, I am her boſome *John*, and if ſhe were not for your turne, you ſhould not have her *John*, but you muſt be rul'd *John*.

Yo. Carlet. In any thing dear Siſter thou wilt have me.

Mrs. King. Then put your ſelf *John* into an Equipage beyond your ſelf *John*, appear as I would have you like a Lord *John*, with your Coach and Foot-boyes, the ſooner *John* the better; were't to morrow, and treat her nobly *John*, were I a man, *John* I could do

do it to the life *Iohn*, I know you want not friends to furniſh you, let it be ſo *Iohn*, for ſhe is a Lady, & none but him is recommended for a Lord will carry her *Iohn*. *To. Carlet.* It ſhall be done dear Siſter; I know where to be provided both with money and Cloaths. *Mrs. King.* And then let me alone to manage things for thy advancement *Iohn*. *To. Carlet.* I, dear Siſter prithee uſe thy Intereſt. *Mrs. King.* If we ſhould not do well for one another *Iohn*, how would the World look on us *Iohn*? I love thee heartily *Iohn*. *To. Carlet.* I know thou doſt, and there is no love loſt on either ſide. Mrs. *King.* I'le lordiſie thee *Iohn*, I'le be thy HERAULD: thou ſhalt no more be plain *Iohn*, nor poor *Iohn*, nor honeſt *Iack* as thy friends call thee; but my Lord *Iohn*, I will have it in my thought, and will dream upon't, for man, I muſt not call you brother, nor you me Siſter, obſerve that *Iohn*, yet I would not have you to forget *Iohn*, that I am your Siſter.

To. Carlet. Doſt think I will? but come, our friends do ſtay.

Mrs. *King.* Then my Lord *Iohn* I pray lead on the way. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus, Scæna prima.

Enter Cellerman, Drawer, and Cook-maid.

Cellerm. Yeſterday was a hot day, a wicked hot day.

Draw. No, 'twas a very cool day; how canſt thou call it a hot day when thou wert in the Celler all the while?

Cellerm. Why goodman puppy the Celler is the hoteſt place in the houſe. *Draw.* To thee ſometimes it may be ſo.

Cookm. I know not what it was to him or you, but to me I'me ſure it was a very ſultry hot day. *Draw.* I, thou art a Wench that deales in fire, but he is for the other Element.

Cellerm. You, ly you Logerhead I hate Water.

Draw: But thou art quarrelſome in thy Ale.

Cellerm. I hate that too. *Draw.* Small Beer can never ſtir thee. *Cellerm.* I do not much affect that neither, it rots my Guts. *Draw.* Some ſecret Liquor, ſome *Nepenthe* as the Poets call it, inſpires thee now and then abominably: but I am taught to tell you Brother mine, and Siſter *Elſe*, that if you chance to ſee this

this day a Lord in ſhape as like Mr. *John Carleton* as Puſs to Cat, you muſt not think it him. *Cellerm.* What him, what him?

Draw. Even him, I ſpoke off Mr. *John Carlet*, yea though you know the Noſe upon his face you muſt not think it him, but.—

Cellerm. But what? *Draw.* A Lord. *Cookm.* A Lord, ha, ha, ha,. *Cellerm.* I ſhall laugh too, prithee what Lord.

Draw. The Lord knowes what, but hear me it is no laughing matter mums the word. *Maid.* May not one winck and laugh?

Draw. yea winck you may but laugh ye may not.

Cellerm. Where didſt thou get this Tone thou wicked elder.

Draw. Even of a Parſon truly, yea verily it was, that brought the Lady to this place aſſuredly. *Maid.* Hold there is a Coach at door, no feaſting I hope this day. *Enter Yo. Carleton*

Cellerm. 'Tis he. *Draw.* 'Tis not he. *with two Foot-boyes.*

Maid. But I ſay 'tis he. *Cellerm.* And I am ſure 'tis he.

Yo. Carlet. What he? *Omnes.* My Lord. *Yo. Carlet.* You do well. there,— *Gives them money.*

Maid. Ne're go now if he ben't *Exits.*
a handſome Gentleman. *Draw.* And generous.

Cellerm. 'Tis pitty he is not a Lord indeed, now my trouble comes on. *Maid.* Or mine rather. *Draw.* No I dare aſſure you the day will not be ſo hot to either of you as yeſterday was. *Cellerm.* Then I ſhall be plagu'd with night work.

Draw. Why all times and ſeaſons are alike to thee ſo thou doſt drink and ſleep. *Cellerm.* Hang ye Raskal I never was a drinker, a thorough drinker in my life. *Draw.* Not to ſpeak of.

Maid. Nay truly, *What* is as ſober a man when he is not drunk, as any of us all. *Draw.* Ha, ha, ha, come, come, let's about our buſineſs. *Exeunt.*

Enter Young Carleton, Mrs. King, Madam Modern, and two Foot-boyes.

Yo. Carlet. Boyes. *Boyes.* Ny Lord? *Yo. Carlet.* Get you down Staires, take a Roome there. *Boyes.* Yes my Lord.

Yo. Carlet. And when I call be ready. *Boyes.* We ſhall my Lord. Mrs. *Keng.* And one of you bid one of my men bring up ſome Wine, ſhall it be ſo my Lord? *yo. Carlet.* I come not to be idle, 'twas well thought on. Mrs. *King.* Theſe boyes

are

are as bad as young Coach-horſes, they take up ſo much time in teaching it wearies one. *Exeunt Boyes.*

Mrs. *King.* You may remedy it as they ſay my Lord, and have thoſe that are prepared to your hand my Lord.

To. Carlet. I may ſo indeed, but many of them have practic'd ſawcyneſs and become ſurley. *Enter Drawer with Wine.* Oh art thou come; where are my Foot-boyes? *Draw.* Below, my Lord. *Mod.* Do I dream? a Lord ſince yeſterday! *aſide.* *To. Carlet.* Fellow fill ſome Wine. *Draw.* Yes my Lord. *Mod.* Can this be real? *aſide.*

To. Carlet. Madam my hearty ſervice to you.

Mod. You do too much eclips your title in't Sir.

To. Carlet. Not a whit Madam, Honour's bound to ſerve a perſon of your vertue and your Preſence: will you be pleas'd to take the aire to day, my Coach is ready. *Mod.* Were I diſpos'd, I could command one Sir. *To. Carlet.* So you may mine Madam.

Mod. Not I Sir. Mrs. *King.* Why will not your Ladiſhip accept his proffer? *Mod.* You put ſtrange Titles upon people Miſtreſs. *The Lord and Lady went over the Green.*

To. Carlet. A ſmart wit; would you would honour me ſo much Madam. *Mod.* As how Sir? *To. Carlet.* As to walk with me over the green. *Mod.* No my Lord, I ſhould be wet ſhod then, *April*'s dew is deep. *To. Carlet.* And therefore ſweet.

Mod. Your Lordſhip makes that up a vulgar Error.

To. Carlet Well Siſter,— Mrs. *King.* Art mad or fooliſh. *aſide.* *To. Carlet.* Both; I am not right. *Mod.* I do believe ſo. Mrs. *King.* His Lordſhip is not well. *Mod.* A-lack good Gentleman. *To. Carlet.* I beg your pardon; I am forc'd to leave you. *Mod.* No force Sir, in good time.

To. Carlet. She would be rid of me. Mrs. *King.* How do you my Lord. *Mod.* His Lordſhip would to Coach.

To. Carlet. Again. Mrs. *King.* Will your Lordſhip have any Comfortable thing? *To. Carlet.* No I'le to Coach, the Lady has directed me. *Mod.* In the right way I hope Sir.

To. Carlet. Again? I will not ſtay, call my Boyes fellow.

Draw. Why Children,—I forgot my ſelf,—Boyes,—I'le ſend 'em up an't pleaſe your Lordſhip. *To. Carlet.* No, tell 'em I'me

a going, and 'tis enough. *Draw.* I ſhall my Lord. *Exit.*

To. Carlet. Madam give me leave to kiſs your hand,---your ſervant, your ſervant Miſtreſs. *Exit.*

Mod. His Lordſhip will be hard put to't, to ſerve us both.

Mrs. *King.* Me he cannot; you he may Madam. *Mod.* Good Couzen, or Landlady, the laſt is the trueſt, be not ſo prodigal of your favours in confering Titles of Honour at this rate.

Mrs. *King.* Why d'ye think I do not know you to be a Lady Madam. *Mod.* I ſhould be ſo were I a Madam really; but you are free in the beſtowing it as I ſuppoſe upon any perſon, becauſe the word is common, and therefore Landlady I do abhor it.

Mrs. *King.* Indeed you miſt my meaning Madam, I ne're apply Titles to any perſon but ſuch as I know deſerves 'em, as on your ſelf, my Lord, or ſo. *Mod.* But is he, that was here, a Lord really deſcended. Mrs. *King.* A very Lord I do aſſure you Madam. *Mod.* Since yeſterday tranſlated! for then he din'd with us or my memory deceives me. Mrs. *King.* He did ſo, but then he was diſguis'd. *Mod.* Not with drink I'me ſure.

Mrs. *King.* No, but in his freikes as they call 'em, and he has many, ſome times he will go in the Street as he went for a wager, with his Collor all unbutton'd, ſweting like a Bull, his Cloak hanging behind him, in one hand his Gloves, the other full of Papers, that one would take him for all the World to be ſome young Clerk, or one that had Relation to the Law. At another time when he has a mind to be privately merry he throwes his Cloak over his Noſe, and in he ſteales, and is as good Company!----

Mod. For a mad Lord. Mrs. *King.* Nay he is not mad, in truth he has ſome whymſeys but they are huge becoming I'le aſſure you Madam, if you were acquainted with 'em; then he has been bravely bred Madam. *Mod.* So a Lord ſhould be.

Mrs. *King.* He's a good *Latineſs* they ſay, and writes a very good Hand. *Mod.* Thoſe are very good commendations for a Clerk indeed. Mrs. *King.* Or for a Lord or a Gentleman or any body elſe believe me Madam; and then he's as ſober, as vertuous, and as handſome a young Lord though I ſay't as any is within a hundred miles of his head, and of as ſweet a diſpoſition.

Mod. Methinkes you dwell too long upon his prayſes.

Mrs.

Mrs. *King.* If you were but well acquainted with him Madam.—
Mod. I muſt to my Chamber. Mrs. *King.* And I'le wait on you Madam. *Exeunt.*

Enter Drawer, and a Foot-boy with a Box of ſweet Meates.

Draw. How now, did theſe come from your Lord.

Boy. Yes to the Lady. *Draw.* Where did thy Lord pick thee up? *Boy.* What's that to you Jack-a-napes I'le tell your Miſtreſs Sirrah. *Draw.* Why how now little impudence will you be lug'd by the Eares Sirrah, does your Lord teach you no beeter manners you Arſe-worme? *Boy.* I cannot tell—I muſt ſpeak with your Miſtreſs. *Enter* Mrs. *King.*

Mrs. *King.* Who's there? *Boy.* My Lord preſents his love to you forſooth, and deſires you would preſent his ſervice with this Box of ſweet Meates to the Lady. Mrs. *King.* Thou ſhalt ſee it deliver'd thy ſelf, Boy come in with me. *Boy.* Your man is ſo unlucky he will not let me alone. Mrs. *King.* fie, fie, meddle with a Child. *Exeunt.*

Draw. There's a young Pimp now, he'l be a ſtew'd Rogue in time if his Lords Trade continues. *Exit.*

Enter Madam Modern, Mrs. King, and the Foot-boy.

Boy. He bid me tell your Ladiſhip he'l wait upon you in the afternoon, and have you abroad. *Mod.* Will he, but 'tis a queſtion whether I ſhall give my ſelf that leiſure or not.

Mrs. *King.* By all meanes good madam. *Mod.* How ever boy prithee preſent my ſervice and thankes to him, *gives him money.* there's ſomething for thy paines.

Boy. Your humble ſervant madam. *Exit.*

Mod. D'you obſerve Landlady, the word madam is ſo out of faſhion 'tis a Foot-boyes Complement. Mrs. *King.* What ſhall I call you then? Princeſs. *Mod.* Away, away, I abandone flattery as I do Titles that are miſapply'd. Mrs. *King.* Why directly your Preſence and excellent parts cannot ſpeak you leſs,—but ſaving my tale forſooth, odds ſo I cry your Ladiſhips mercy.

Mod. Nay let it go on ſo. Mrs. *King.* Why then an't pleaſe you how d'ye like my Lord? is he not as I told you a ſweet conditi-on'd Gentleman? *Mod.* He begines well. Mrs. *King.* And ſo He'l continue to the end I warrant ye. *Mod.* That's more then

you know Landlady. *Mrs. King.* my life on't. *Mod.* 'Tis a hard venture in my opinion Landlady. *Exeunt.*

Enter Young Carleton and Footboyes.

Yo. Carlet. Let the Coach wait, and ſtay you there.

Boyes. We ſhall my Lord. *Exit Young Carleton.*

1 *Boy.* *Jack* let thee and I crack a Pint together. 2 *Boy.* I have no money. 1 *Boy.* Hang't, I have, the Lady was generous to me this morning. 2 *Boy.* Would ſhe had been ſo to me.

1 *Boy.* 'Tis all one between thee and I, let's call the Coachman in and ſee if he will joyne. 2 *Boy.* The more the merrier.

Exeunt.

Enter young Carleton, Madam Moders, and Miſtriſs King.

Young Carleton. Deare Madam. *Moders.* Good my Lord do not deceive your ſelf. *Miſtriſs King.* My Lord an't pleaſe your honour, the word Madam grates her eares ſhe ſayes, becauſe it is ſo common. *Young Carleton.* Why then my Princeſs, for ſo you are aſſerted in my thoughts, I will aſſure you moſt accompliſht Lady. *Miſtriſs King.* I, this ſounds well, how can you find in your heart to deny his Lordſhip? moſt accompliſht Lady. *Moders.* My Lord, though young, I do perceive has been train'd up in Complements, they are indeed the Courtiers prayers. *Young Carleton.* Then they ſhould prevaile.

Moders. With Fooles, but not with ſuch have underſtanding.

Miſtriſs King. Moſt accompliſht Lady, even for my ſake.

Moders. How will my Credit ſtand that am a ſtranger, to be Coach'd out by one, and ſo ſoon too, upon ſo ſlender an account.

Young Carleton. My heart ſhall ſtand betwixt you and all calumny, it ſhall return the filth into their face that ſpits at yours.

Moders. You ſpeak Nobly, my Lord. *Young Carleton.* My Actions ſhall ſecond my words moſt ſingular Lady.

Miſtriſs King. Moſt accompliſht, moſt ſingular *aſide* Lady----- well *John* thou deſerv'ſt her.

Moders. You do ſo powerfully importune me, my Lord, I have no fence left for my ſelf, eſpecially your honour being oblig'd to all Civilities. *Young Carleton.* Count me a Tartar, moſt horrid Villain if I infringe, or treſpaſs in the leaſt upon your virtue

virtue. *Mistriss King.* Is it granted? most accomplisht, most singular Lady. *Moders.* For your sake Landlady, you see I can deny nothing that's virtuous and civil, as you say my Lord is.

Mistriss King. As the innocent Babe, most accomplisht, and most singular Lady. *Young Carleton.* Will you vouchsafe your hand most gracious Lady.

Mistriss King. Most gracious Lady, that's another. *Young Carleton.* To me this honour is receiv'd above rules of comparison unexpressible. *To Carleton takes Moders by the hand.*

Exeunt.

Enter Old Mr. *Carleton, and his Wife, and* Mr. *George Carleton their Eldest Son.*

Old Mr. *Carlet.* George you are privy to your brothers secrets, how does he find the Ladies pulse to beat? has he hopes of her.

Mr *George Carlet.* Doubtless Sir he has. *Old* Mr. *Carlet.* He bussels strangely do'st think her worth his charge and toyle?

Mr. *George Carlet.* If he were not assur'd of that (as I believe he is) he would not certainly pursue with so much eagerness his suit, that's my beliefe Sir. Mrs. *Carlet.* So it is mine, *George* thy brother is no fool. Mr. *George Carlet.* That the Town knowes, and if he should miscarry 'twould be strange, I know not what the power of love may do. *Old* Mr. *Carlet.* Dost think she is the person that he speakes her? Mr. *George Carlet.* Seriously Sir her breeding and her habit does denote her a person of no small repute and quality, they say she speakes the Languages.

Old Mr. *Carlet.* Believe me that's rare in a Woman.

Mr. *George Carlet.* I'me in a manner a stranger to her person, (for she is very shy, and takes state on her) but so I've heard Sir.

Old Mr. *Carlet.* Perhaps by some that do not understand her.

Mr. *George Carlet.* I know not that Sir. *Old* Mr. *Carlet.* Gibberish you know startles the ignorant *Old* Mrs *Carlet.* Let her be what she will I'le see her. *Old* Mr. *Carlet.* I prithee do, and what then? *Old* mrs. *Carlet.* Marry I'le know what she is and from whence she came. *Old* mr. *Carlet.* Do so, 'twill appear well in thee, I'le not be seen in't. *Old* mrs. *Carlet.* And know what she has too I'le warrant you before my Son shall Bed her.

mr. *George.* My Sister *King* and my Brother (as I am inform'd)

can ſaaisfie you in that point forſooth. *Old* mrs. *Carlet.* And ſo they ſhall, I'le thither preſently. *Exeunt.*

Enter Madam Moders, mr. King and mrs. King.

Mod. Good now, be not ſo importunate, I'le not ſee 'em.

Mr. *King.* Why how comes this d'ye ſee, I thought that all had been right and ſure d'ye ſee. mrs. *King.* What has he done that has diſpleas'd you moſt accompliſht, moſt ſingular and moſt gracious Lady? *Mod.* I'le not be blown upon by every perſon he brings with him, become the Town talk, have my Credit ſtale, and buz'd i'th eares of every idle fellow. mrs. *King.* Indeed la if you will believe me, moſt accompliſht, moſt ſingular and moſt gracious Lady as his Lordſhip calls you; there is no body with him but his Lady mother and a Banquet of Sweet-meates.

Mod. My Lord (though in himſelf a nobler perſon) had never been admitted to my preſent but for your mighty importunities; I love to be retir'd, not to be ſhewn like to a piece of *Dutch*-work, newly brought over to all ſorts of people; pray let my Lord know where his error lies. mr. *King.* And reaſon good d'ye ſee.

mrs. *King.* If we durſt be ſo bold chuck, but his Lady mother waites moſt accompliſht, moſt ſingular and moſt gracious Lady.

Mod. I cry you mercy and excuſe me to her.

mr. King and his Wife go off and bring Young Carleton and his mother in, the ſence of his groſs error did tranſport me.

Yo. Carlet. This is my mother and your ſervant Lady.

Mod. Your Lordſhip has oblig'd my ſervice to her, your faithfull ſervant Lady. *Salute.*

Yo. Carlet. Will you vouchſafe to grace this homely preſent with your acceptance Lady? *A Banquet is ſet out.*

Mod. My Lord you know I am no Chaplaine, nor needes there a preludium to a Banquet. *Yo. Carlet.* My meaning is moſt precious Lady you'd add a ſweetneſs to the meates by taſting them.

Mod. Coming from you my Lord compos'd of ſweetneſs they need no more addition. mrs. *Carlet.* Words are but wind, you ſeem to be a Gentlewoman, pray what are you?

Mod. More then I ſeem. Mrs. *Carlet.* Where were you born?

Mod. At *Billinſgate.* *Yo. Carlet.* Oh, dear Lady.

mod.

Mod. Why, ſhould I tell her I was born at *Rome* what's ſhe the neerer. mrs. *Carlet.* Have you an eſtate, *Mod.* I hope I have. mrs. *Carlet.* Where lies it pray. *Mod.* Where you ſhall never find it Lady,—why thus inquiſitive. Mrs. *Carlet.* Have you the *Language*, as they ſay you have? *Mod.* Let your Son try me. *To. Carlet.* Oh moſt precious Lady I am a ſtranger to the moſt of them. *Mod.* So am I to your Mothers ſcrutiny, I could giv't a worſe Title, but hereafter if you intend to ſtock up precious time, pray ſpare your Viſits, for they will be fruitleſs.

To. Carlet. Oh mother your too indulgence has undone me, I'me loſt for ever, all my hopes are ſhipwrackt. *Exit.*

Mrs. *Carlet.* Why ſo Child? *To. Carlet.* She has prohibited me the ſight of her, which is as precious to me as my Being.

Mrs. *Carleton.* 'Tis very ſtrange, let her be ne're ſo high in Birth and breeding, methinks ſhe ſhould not blame the Parents care, for that will be, and muſt be. *To. Carlet.* That's the point I muſt inſiſt upon; and that no more of ſtruction may happen to my happineſs, my Siſter will informe my Father & your ſelf the ſtate of her affaires, which may be mine. Mrs. *Carlet.* Do ſo and you ſhall find me Inſtrumental for thy advancement.

To. Carlet. And dear Siſter prithee uſe all thy wit and intereſt with her. *Mrs. King.* Do ye doubt it brother *John*, no Lord but when ſhe's preſent. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Drawers, and Cellerman to take away the Voyders.

1 *Drawer.* They have not carry'd away all I ſee.

Cellerman. No, they have left the Voyders, and ſomething more.

2 *Drawer.* What do you do here, get you to your Garriſon the Celler. *Cellerman.* Prithee prate not, this is my Garriſon or any other place where I am ſafe, *They ſcramble for*—— nay if you fall to ſcrambling I am for you.

2 *Drawer.* Theſe will ſpoile thy drinking. *Cellerman.* My drinking Jack Sprat, I could box thee ſirrah. 1 *Drawer.* No, I dare ſay you wrong him, he's no drinker. *Cellerm.* Who I? never in my life thou know'ſt it. 1 *Drawer.* The very ſtem oth' Celler now and then beſots thee, Brother does it not?

Cellerm. That may be, for the Wine fumes and flyes into a mans head moſt plaguely—— but now ſtand off—— let me ſpeak the

ſenſe

ſenſe of the Poet to the Auditory.

I'm not the Perſon that I ſeem'd to be,
Although a Cellerman, I am not he. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Madam Moders alone.

Moders. GLory depends on Conqueſt, I have brought
(After ſo many Tryals of my Wit,)
My amorous Lord, and his averſe Allyes
Upon their knees to ſupplicate my love;
This very minute I expect his Lordſhip
To hurry me into the Armes of Hymen:
For that's their drift I know, let their pretence
Be what it will; and i'le imbrace it. *Enter young Carleton.*

Young Carleton. My deareſt Lady are you ready.

Moders. You ſee I am, but for what end my Lord.

Young Carleton. To heare the Muſick. *Moders.* I have reaſon to love it my Lord. *Young Carleton.* You are the Empreſſe of it. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mr. *King and his Wife.*

Mr. *King.* Well they are gone d' yee ſee, and bleſſings follow both of 'em d' yee ſee. Mrs. *King.* I, now you ſay ſo Chuck, but the time has been. Mr. *King.* What has the time been honey? you know d' yee ſee, 'twas my care at firſt d' yee ſee to preſerve her here d' yee ſee. Mrs. *King.* I but you never meant her for my Brother *John*, and that my Father takes unkindly Chuck. Mr. *King.* Who not I ſweet heart? I never meant any man elſe d' yee ſee, as I am here d' yee ſee, why you know I love my Brother *John* d' yee ſee, with all my heart d' yee ſee, I only did expreſſe my care of him, being but a young man d' yee ſee, and I knew not how things ſtood d' yee ſee, which it ſeemes you knew better d' yee ſee. *Mrs. King.* Well chuck, what an honour will it be to my Father in his age to have a Prince, or Princeſſe to his Grandchild. Mr. *King.* How's that ſweet heart?

Mrs. King. Nay, I ſay no more. Windows have eares. *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Young Carleton, his Brother George, Madam Modern, and ſeveral others attended upon by Drawers.

1 *Gent.* A Wedding and no Muſick. *Draw.* They are i'th houſe Sir. *Yo. Carlet.* Prithee let's have'em; and now moſt gracious Lady as you have given ſpirit to my Clay, and made my ſoul to caper in its Cottage by this bleſt Conjunction; know I'me ſtill your ſervant. *Mod.* My Lord I think all Complements ridiculous after this Ceremony. *Enter Muſick.*

George Carlet. Come here's a good divertion, what Songs have you? *Fidler.* A hundred and fifty, two hundred if need be, I furniſh all the Faires and markets with 'em; I keep a Poet in pay on purpoſe Gentlemen, which is no ſmall charge to me you muſt think, 'tis true the Poet is a prety wit, but what's wit or good lines, nothing, unleſs well Humour'd and well Sung, I ſing 'em all my ſelf, though the lines be never ſo bad I make 'em twang, which ſets off a Poet mainly you know. *George Carleton.* Pox take you for a puppy, leave praiſing your ſelf and let us hear a Song.

Fidler. What Song will you have Gentlemen?

Omnes. Any, any. *Fidler.* What ſay you to that of the love between a Kitchin Wench and a Chimney Swifter.

Yo. Carlet. Sirrah d'ye know where you are.

Fidler. I cry you mercy Sir, I'le fit you with a rare one. *Sings.*

2 *Gent.* Hold your howling and behang'd, what a mouth he makes, how he grates the words and tears the ſenſe?

1 *Gent.* He's good for nothing; canſt thou tumble?

Fidler. Tumble? I don't underſtand ye Sir.

Yo. Carlet. Come, come, a Dance or two, and ſo good Night Mr. Fidler. *George Carlet.* 'Tis pitty to keep thee too long from thy happineſs. *They play, the company dance.*

Yo. Carlet. There, are you pleas'd? *Fidler.* Very nobly, we thank your Honour. *Exeunt Muſick.*

Yo. Carlet. Now Gentlemen I muſt crave your pardon, Lady your hand. *Exeunt.*

Omnes. A good Night to you Both. *Exeunt.*

Enter two or three Clerks.

1 *Clerk.* Newes, newes, newes, Boyes. 2 *Clerk.* What Newes, what newes? 1 *Clerk.* Wonderfull, ſtrange and true newes, newly Printed and newly come forth. 3 *Clerk.* Of the downfall of *Grantham* Steeple; the miraculous diſcovery of old Braziel by a Ship-Carpenter at *Hamptwich*, or the horrid murder of *Tom Thumb*, ſome ſuch paltry ſtuffe. 1 *Clerk.* You are wide of the matter: Mr. *John Carleton* is married.

2 *Clerk.* Prithee to whom? 1 *Clerk.* To no leſs then a Princeſs, a *German* Princeſs believe me. 3 *Clerk.* Why then it muſt be no more Mr. *John Carleton*, but my Lord *John Carleton*.

2 *Clerk.* Pough, I don't believe it. 1 *Clerk.* Thou art an incredulous Coxcomb, I tell thee they keep their Court and State at *Durham* Houſe 'ith *Strand*, there you may ſee his Lordſhip if you have a mind to't. 2 *Clerk.* If I thought he would not take too much State upon him, I'd put my Holy-day Habit on, and take a day to viſit him. 3 *Clerk.* Set thy time and we'l go with thee.

2 *Clerk.* Two dayes hence.

1 *Clerk.* Agree'd, agree'd. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mr. *King, and his Wife.*

Wife. What happy Inſtruments have we been Chuck in this buſineſs, they talk of giving hundreds of pounds to others, and I'me ſure we deſerve thouſands. Mr. *King.* That's very rightly ſaid d'ye ſee, but for my part d'ye ſee, I look not for a penny d'ye ſee. *Wife.* Introth Chuck if thou doſt not, I do, there's the ſhort and the long on't, my Father's gone to ſee if ſhe will ſettle her Eſtate upon my Brother *John*. mr. *King.* And a great deal of reaſon there is in't, d'ye ſee Sweet-heart, for he has been at a vaſt charge d'ye ſee. *Wife.* Her Eſtate will make amends for all, and though he is a falſe Lord now, her Eſtate will make him currant; money will buy Honour at any time Chuck.

mr. *King.* I if, it hit right, but there are ſo many cheates abroad d'ye ſee. *Wife.* Why I hope thou wavering faith'd man thou doſt not think the Princeſs my Siſter one? mr. *King.* If ſhe be ſuch a perſon, and have ſuch an Eſtate d'ye ſee, my Brother may bleſs the time he ever ſee us d'ye ſee, but if ſhe be not the perſon and has no Eſtate, why then 'tis a meer cheat d'ye ſee, and we ſhall

ſuffer

ſuffer in our credit cruelly d'ye ſee. *Wife.* Lord help thy ſimple head; I warrant thee man. *Exeunt.*

Enter Old Carleton, and mr. *John Carleton.*

Old Carlet. Unfortunate boy, thou art undone for ever.

Yo. Carlet. Bleſs me, Sir, you do amaze me wonderfully.

Old Carlet. After thy loſs of time, thy vaſt expences in riotous Banquettings, perpetual Viſits, what haſt thou purchas'd?

Yo. Carlet. A reward above my merit Sir; a virtuous Princeſs of high Endowments, and of ample fortunes, rich in her ſelf, her parts ſpeak her a Dowre, ſufficient for a perſon of my quality had ſhe no other Riches to adorne her. *Old Carlet.* A very Puſs-cat, a ſubtle Carrion, and a curſed cheat. *Yo. Carlet.* With pardon Sir, I partly do imagine the cauſe of this your ſudden diſcompoſure, you preſt her in my abſence (like a Father) to ſettle her Eſtate on me, which ſhe unwilling to conſent to, hath rais'd this ſtorme within your quiet Boſome. *Old Carlet.* An Eſtate, where lies it? at the Brick-hills, fooliſh boy; ſhe is not worth a groat, but what thou haſt out of thy prodigal affection given her, her Jewels are but counterfeit, and ſhe a baſe impoſture. *Yo. Carlet.* Good Father let not your paſſion ſo deceive your reaſon, ſhe cannot be ſo Sir. *Old Carlet.* Boy, ſhe's a Strumpet, a vagrant, a wandring Baggage that has two Husbands beſide thy ſelf; a paltry Shoomaker is one of them, this I'le make out. *Yo. Carlet.* You have thrown Daggers to my heart Sir. *Old Carlet.* Be not troubl'd Boy, I'le hamper her, I warrant thee, come along with me. *Exeunt.*

Enter madam Moders alone.

Mod. I do expect a ſtorme, and ſuddenly, by my bad dreames; which tell me I muſt wade through mud and Water; ſignifying troubles dangerous ones: yet I ſhall paſs them all, cleer as a ſheet that has been whiten'd by the whitſters hand.

Enter Old Carleton, Young Carleton, Conſtable and others.

Old Carlet. That's the Strumpet. *Mod.* Who do you handle, you unreveren'd Raskalls? why Father, Husband, what do you mean? *Old Carlet.* To hang you Whore for having of two Husbands *Mod.* Is that all? Ha, ha, ha. *Yo. Carlet.* Sure ſhe is innocent, her courage ſpeaks her ſo. *Old Carlet.* Away with her Mr. Conſtable. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mr. *King and his Wife.*

Mrs. *King.* Oh Chuck, Chuck thou haſt defil'd our Neſt, and

thrown a ſpeck upon our Family; the Princeſs is a Whore, a double Whore, ſhe has two Husbands: has your early riſing come to this?

Mr. *King.* Why honey 'tis true, I took her for a civil Gentlewoman, and ſo I entertain'd her d'ye ſee; now you took her for a Princeſs d'ye ſee, and there is the miſtake d'ye ſee: alas I would not have done ſuch a thing d'ye ſee for a thouſand pound d'ye ſee; nay and more too as poor a man as I am d'ye ſee.

mrs. *King.* I wiſh it from my heart thou had'ſt been ſick a Bed chuck when thou did'ſt what thou did'ſt; but 'tis no matter, I hope to ſee her hang'd.

mr. *King.* Why that will make amends for all d'ye ſee. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Gentlemen as from the Seſſions-houſe.

1 *Gent.* I wiſht I had had your place Sir, you ſat near the Bench.

2 *Gent.* Introth I was weary on't, I did not like the *Scene.*

1 *Gent.* How does the Princeſs carry her ſelf I pray Sir?

2 *Gent.* I underſtand you not Sir, unleſs you mean a Princeſs that derives her Title from the powdering Tub. 1 *Gent.* Your pardon Sir, I meane the perſon now is at her Tryal. 2 *Gent.* You may aſſure your ſelf ſhe wantes not Confidence, I might ſay impudence. 1 *Gent.* They ſay her Husband is a hopefull Gentleman. 2 *Gent.* A ſweet lad, my heart earnes for him; a man well bred of a good Family, and in a handſome way, thus to be catcht argues a weakneſs ſome where; a groſs overſight; a pituous ſhallow conception.

1 *Gent.* How do you think 'twill go with him Sir. 2 *Gent.* Not with him Sir, 'twill rather go againſt him, the Evidence is *A noiſe within.* detective:— 1 *Gent.* Hark,—I dare ſay ſhe's quit. 2 *Gent.* A hard fate has follow'd thee friend *Carleton.* 1 *Gent.* I pitty the Gentleman though a ſtranger to meethis buſineſs was not manag'd well I fear, but there's away to bring't about again if ſhe be the ſame perſon. 2 *Gent.* I believe *Enter madam* ſo Sir,—bleſs my eye ſight, here's the beaſt will none *Maders & ſeve-* ſpeak her, how ſhe ſtates & gloates like old *Grimalkin,* *al others after her.* or mother *Gurtons* Cat with Colehole. 1 *Gent.* Is that ſhe Sir?

2 *Gent.* Yes 'tis ſhe Sir, for want of a better. 1 *Gent.* Your ſervant Sir. 2 *Gent.* I'me yours Sir. *Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Maders alone, applying her ſelf to the Auditory.

Mad. I've paſt one Tryal; but it is my fear
I ſhall receive a rigid ſentence here;
You think me a bold Cheat, put caſe 'twere ſo,
Which of you are not? now you'd ſwear I know
But do not leaſt that you deſerve to be
Cenſur'd worſe then you yet can cenſure me.
The Worlds a Cheat, and we that move in it
In our degrees do exerciſe our Wit:
And better 'tis to get a glorious Name
However got; then live by common Fame.

FINIS.